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000 should have been helpless without the little Malay we had learned on board ship.

We had our first unforgettable glimpse of Bali at dawn when the little K.P.M. steamer approached Buleleng—a high dark peak reflected on a sea as smooth as polished steel, with the summit of the cone hidden in dark, metallic clouds. As we were rowed ashore, Buleleng came out of the mist: the eternal tin roofs and dilapidated Chinese houses, the concrete steamship office, and the scraggy coolies of every small port of the Indies. 492 Landing on the primitive wooden pier, we received the inevitable 494 welcome of Patimah, a gay and dignified middle-aged Balinese "princess" from whom one rents a car to go to the south of the island. Patimah is a famous woman: tales go about that she was saved by the Dutch from being burned alive at the cremation of her husband, the king of Bali. The truth is that she was visiting in Buleleng at the time the Radja [1] of Klungkung was killed with his whole court when he opposed the Dutch army. Patimah escaped death by submitting quietly and remaining in Buleleng. There she married a henpecked Mohammedan, changed her religion and became the prosperous owner of a silver and brocade shop and of a fleet of fine motor-cars for hire. The traveller succumbs easily to her charm, her lively sense of humour, and her hospitality when she serves coffee on her veranda, and he seldom fails to buy a hammered silver bowl or a brocade scarf. But some Babbitt has taught unsuspecting Patimah that a typical American greeting is: "Shake the bottle!" followed by a significant gesture of the hand. This is the only English she knows.

After the coffee interlude the traveller is hurried into his car, 117 and while his baggage is being tied on, he is told that he is going to Den Pasar, the capital of the South, "centre of Balinese culture," where are the only large, comfortable hotels. The car darts through narrow streets lined with dingy little shops of cheap crockery and cotton goods run by emaciated Chinese in undershirts or by Arabs with forbidding black beards. Javanese in

[1] So spelled here to differentiate it from "Rajah," an Indian ruler.

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black velvet skull-caps mingle with Dutch officials in pith helmets and high starched collars, but the beautiful Balinese of steamship pamphlets are not to be seen anywhere. The people on the streets are ugly and unkempt, and instead of the much publicized beauties, there are only uninteresting women in not very clean blouses. The car drives through Singaradja, the capital, with its neat Dutch bungalows, its gasoline stations, and the house of the Resident, with its imposing driveway flanked by two monstrous cement snakes. Leaving the town, the car passes miserable villages and occasional gingerbread temples with tin roofs; it climbs the mountain side, the villages become more and more scarce, it grows colder and colder, and soon the tourist is shivering in a cloud of fog. He begins to suspect that he has been deceived. A few wild-looking people wrapped in blankets appear on the road riding on small ponies, and soon a double row of wooden shacks with more tin roofs announces Kintamani, the village on the rim of the crater of the Batur, where a beautiful view of the volcanoes has been promised. Ten chances to one it will be foggy and the tourist will see nothing, so he goes into the elaborate rest-house of the K.P.M. to have a drink and warm up.

Soon he is on the road again; the car winds and turns sharp curves down the mountain, the fog vanishes, and the air becomes warmer and clearer. Tropical vegetation reappears, and riding among tall palms and enormous banana trees, he enters Bangli, which is at last like the Bali of the photographs. With lessened suspicions, he rides through many beautiful villages and fantastic terraced ricefields covered with every shade of tender green. At a sharp curve a large tire sign indicates arrival at his destination — Den Pasar. His car drives noisily up to the Bali Hotel, pride of the K.P.M., and he is shown to a clean and sanitary room with a hospital bed through the middle of which, lengthwise, stretches a hard, round bolster, the so-called "Dutch wife." On the veranda of the hotel at tea time there are always pretty Balinese girls who sell curios, plainly junk, but they are not to blame. They have discovered that the tourists generally prefer hideous

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statuettes made by beginners or the gaudy weavings dyed with anilines to the fine old pieces of wood-carving or to the sumptuous ancient textiles that now rarely find their way into the curio market.

Den Pasar is a glorified Buleleng. In the great "alun-alun," the playground of Den Pasar, stolid Hollanders play tennis and drink beer near young Balinese playing soccer in striped sweatshirts, shorts, and spiked shoes. All around the square are the homes of the leading white residents, neat and bourgeois, small bungalows with enormous pink embroidered lampshades on every porch and well-kept front gardens of imported roses. The business street leading to the market consists, as in Buleleng, of the same squalid shops, provision stores, gasoline pumps, a small Chinese hotel, and curio stalls with mass-production "Balinese art," all kept by the same Chinese compradors, the same bearded Bombay merchants with eagle-like beaks, dressed like burlesque comedians in incongruous tall fezzes, embroidered slippers, pink sarongs, and European vests worn over shirts with tails out, bargaining excitedly with husky bare-breasted Balinese women.

After the first bewildering days, when we had recovered from the shock of such distressing impressions as these, we began to "discover" the real Bali. Only a block away from the square, on the dirt-paved lanes adjacent to the main avenues, where the peace is not broken by mad automobiles running over pigs and chickens, we found the typical mud walls of the compounds, the thatched gates protected by mysterious signs — a dead chicken nailed flat on a wall, or a little white flag inscribed with cabalistic symbols. These were the proper setting for the lithe brown-skinned women returning from market with baskets of fruit on their heads and for the men in loincloths sitting in groups around the baskets in which they kept their favourite fighting cocks. Energetic women thresh rice or bathe quite unconcerned in the ditch by the roadside, and serious naked children play in the middle of the street with a cricket they have just captured. From

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behind the walls come occasional tinkling sounds of practising on a *gamelan*.

As we became more and more familiar with our new life, and our ears grew accustomed to Malay, we made friends among the Balinese. We were already weary of the stolid prudishness of Dutch hotel life, and since we could not afford the high rates much longer, we looked for another place to live. Houses for rent that were not in the Arab, Chinese, or European quarter were non-existent in those days, but somehow we became attached to the household of our first Balinese friend — Gusti Alit Oka, an intelligent and dapper young man, prince by birth, carpenter by profession, and musician by choice. He agreed to rent us one of the pavilions of his house and undertook to improve our Malay. Our household consisted of the young prince's wife and child, two widowed aunts, and an old servant, a retainer of his father, the great warrior who was killed with his brother the Radja of Badung in their last desperate stand against the invading Dutch army twenty-nine years ago, when our host was a baby. Like a true Balinese prince, Gusti had his "man," an amiable but exceedingly ugly retainer, by name Katel, who followed his master admiringly wherever he went. We settled in Gusti's house, bought a few chairs and tables, had beds made, and hired a few nonchalant servants: a *djongos* who insisted his name was "Dog," a cook, and a chauffeur. We bought a decrepit Chevrolet and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the island, going from feast to feast, dances, and cremations.

It was my good fortune to have made friends in those days with Walter Spies, Bali's most famous resident. The son of a German diplomat in Moscow at the outbreak of the World War, Spies was already well known in Europe as a painter in 1923, when I had admired and cut out reproductions of his paintings of Russia from the *Kunstblatt*, never thinking he was to become one of my closest friends. As fine a musician as he is a painter, Spies studied the music of the Tatars while interned in the Urals